

MARVEL

**FALL
OF
X**

001

CAMP
MARESCA
LOPEZ

CHILDREN OF THE WAST



PAQUETTE
GURU 23

Ecuador.
The Vault.
After the Fall.

At 22:41 on July 26th, all systems appear normal, but the machine is already beginning to fail. Krakoa has fallen, and the mutants are dead.

Still, the dream holds.

At 07:12 the next morning, one of the figures inside the machine begins to stir imperceptibly. Error signals sound, and warning alarms clang, but there is no one to hear them.

Still, the dream holds.

EEEE EEEE EEEEE

At 10:38, logic gates rust permanently shut, chloroplastic cell clusters self-immolate, and vital root systems wither.

Inside the simulated world of the machine, the sky flickers like a broken screen, and cities boil, and life no longer resembles reality.

But still, the dream holds.

RRRRRRR RRRR RRRRRR

At 19:32 that evening, the machine convulses once, twice, three times, then dies.

CRACK



And the dream
dies with it.



At 19:33, the *Children of the Vault*
are born back into a world they
thought was already theirs.



Serafina-187 is the first to
gather herself. Machines--
all machines on Earth--
tell her secrets at nearly
the speed of light.

How dare
they? How
dare--oh.



It wasn't
real? Everything--
all that we
accomplished--it was
all a *dream*?

No,
Martillo. A
prison.



[fall_of]
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[FALL OF X CHILDREN OF THE VAULT]

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Become the Future

Raised in a closed vault where temporal-acceleration technology causes them to rapidly evolve, the **Children of the Vault** are super-powered beings who have long been on a collision course with the humans and mutants of Earth. As the Children evolve, each newly upgraded generation has sought to stake a claim as the planet’s superior species, but have time and again been thwarted by the **X-Men** -- most recently by Forge, who built a trap that kept the Children suspended in dreams in which they had been victorious over the Earth.

But now mutantkind is more endangered than ever before. The anti-mutant organization **Orchis** attacked the Hellfire Gala and issued an ultimatum: For every mutant found on the planet, Orchis will annihilate increasing numbers of humans. With no other choice, **Charles Xavier** psychically banished all mutants from Earth; only a handful with training were able to resist his telepathic command.*

With mutantkind in exile, there is now little to stand in the way of their greatest enemies...

*It happened in the unmissable X-MEN: HELLFIRE GALA #1!

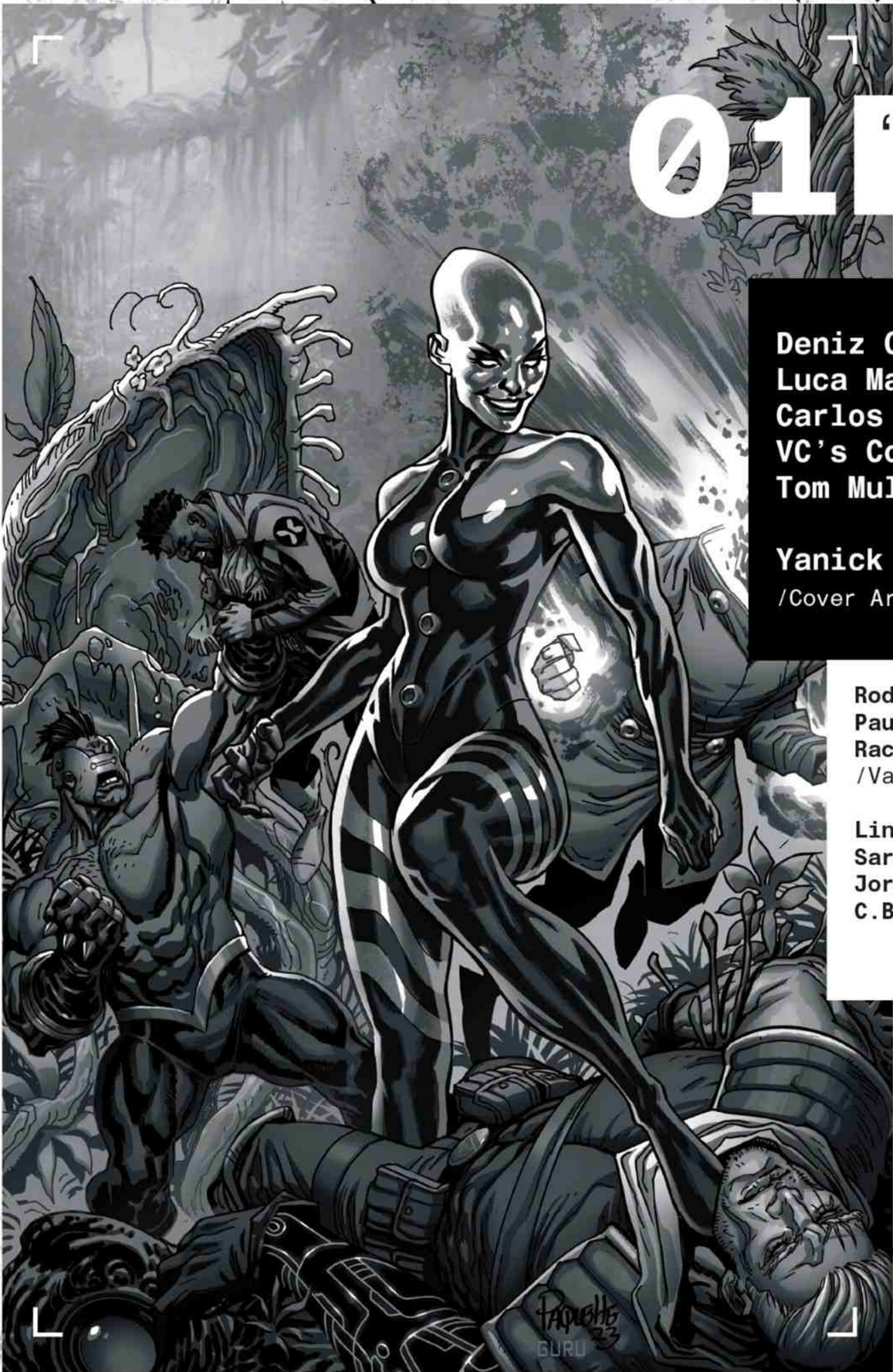
- 1__SERAFINA
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- 2__CAPITAN
[version 204]
- 3__FERRO
[version 51]
- 4__PRISA
[version 38]
- 5__LUZ
[version 67]
- 6__ÁTOMO
[version 82]
- 7__CABLE
- 8__BISHOP



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CHILDREN OF THE VAULT

01 “TOMORROW’S CHILDREN”



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[children_01]
[01__vault]

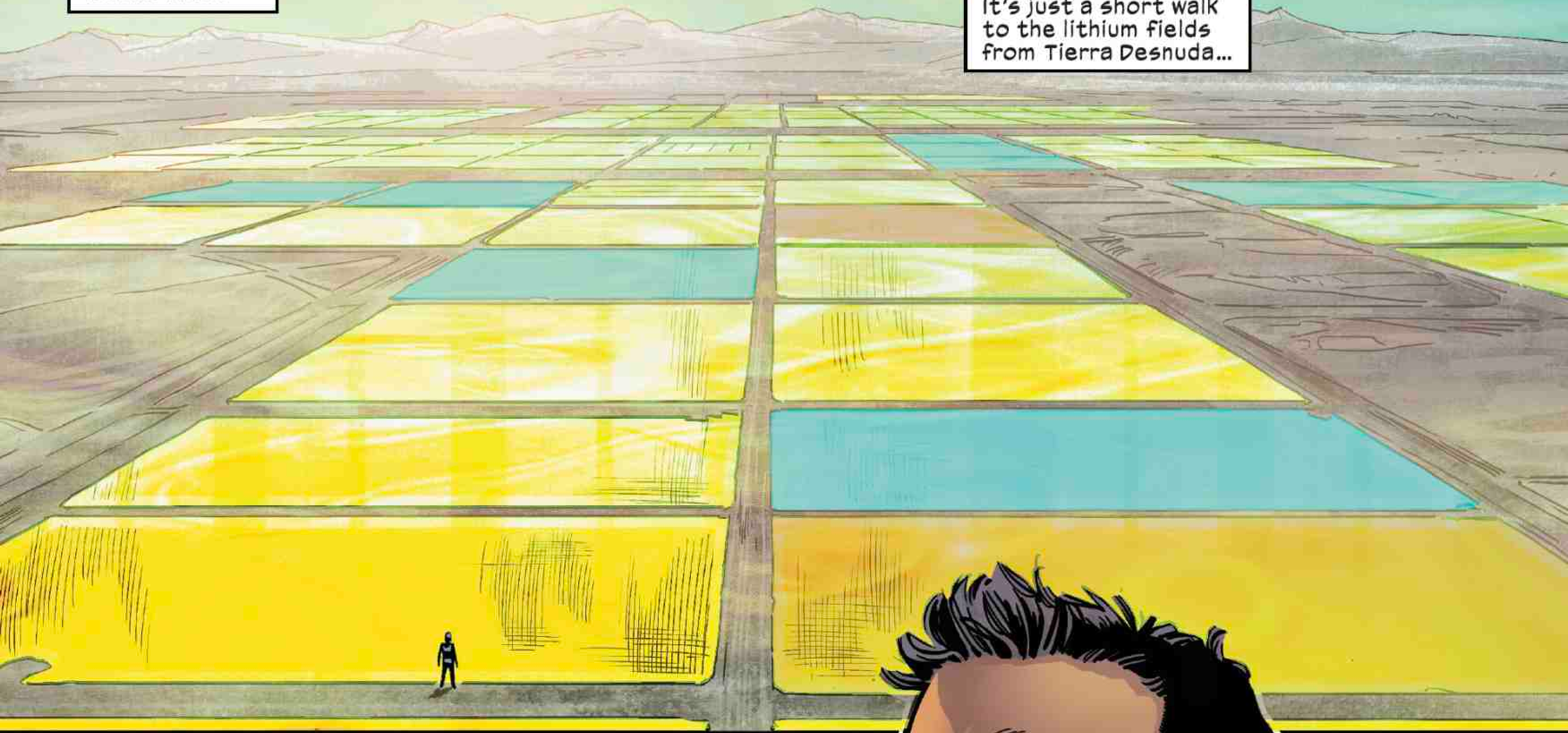
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[children_01]
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Northern Chile.
Weeks later.

It's just a short walk
to the lithium fields
from Tierra Desnuda...



...the rural village where
Rodrigo Muñoz was born
and has lived all thirteen
years of his life.



The few surviving elders remember
a time before these fields stole
their water, destroyed their crops,
and poisoned their animals...



...but Rodrigo is
too young to
remember.





The lithium--an essential component of smartphones and electric cars--is worth billions, but none of that goes to Tierra Desnuda.



The wealth has been extracted from the area like the lithium has been extracted from the earth, flowing first to Santiago and then to Europe and the United States.

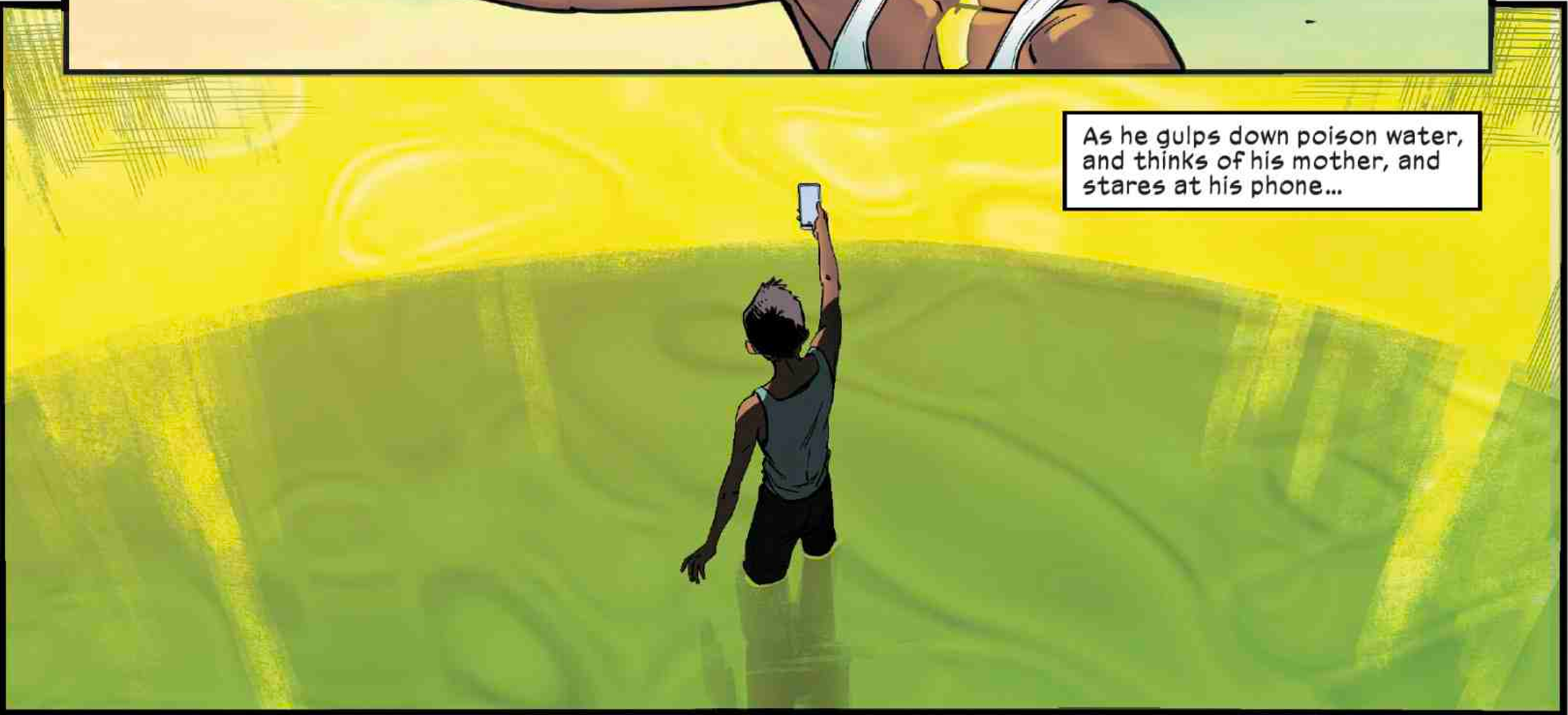
Rodrigo thinks about the future. If he's lucky, he'll get a job at a mine like this one day. He'll make enough to live and, one day, move somewhere with better opportunities.



If he's *unlucky*, he'll be caught by one of the slaving operations that steal people to work the sugar plantations to the south.



At the age of 8, he'd watched as his mother was devoured by dogs for refusing such an "offer."



As he gulps down poison water, and thinks of his mother, and stares at his phone...

...Rodrigo can't
help but feel
that the future's
failed him.



As the A.I.M. Mind Flayer burrows into his neocortex, Cable's only conscious thought is:

What is, is.

Holy words, where Cable comes from.

Orchis Black Brain Psychic Interrogation Site. Outside Washington, DC.

Like any good holy words, they can mean many things to many people. To Cable, right now, they mean: Accept what you can't change, and change what you can't accept.

They'd caught him sleeping. Not *literally*, of course. He'd stopped sleeping years ago.

But Orchis had *surprised* him. On his own ship. A ship that was now probably disassembled on the floor of an Orchis hangar somewhere, along with his favorite arm and anything else they could get their hands on.

He'd really liked that arm.

Hhrrhhh!

What is, is.

For over a month now, they'd been torturing him.

They'd started with cutting-edge science: S.H.I.E.L.D. Patriot Probes, S.T.R.I.K.E. Psychic Scalpels...a new form of weaponized *talk therapy* developed by Doctor Faustus. When those didn't work, they went back to that all-time classic--*pain*.

Orchis wants his secrets. They want to know everything *he* knows about the past, present, and especially the *future*.

So far, all they've got is:

WHAT IS. IS

And while *they've* been studying him, *he's* been studying them.

The bubble is *thought-impermeable*. Designed to hold an Xavier-level telepath indefinitely.

Left on his own, Cable will escape in *three days*.

BRATATATATA

BRATATATATA

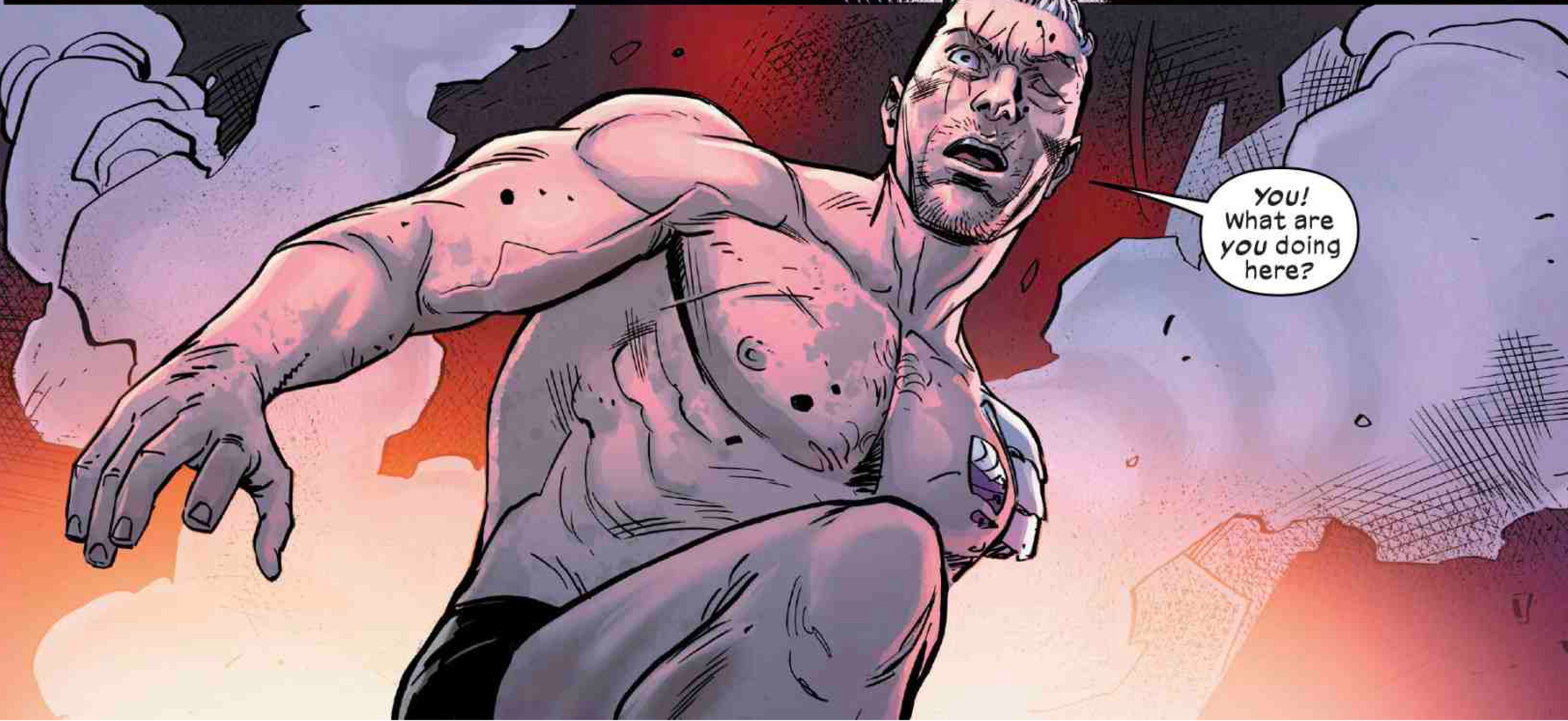
ARGH!

But things move fast...

...and a lot
can happen in
three days.

Ghhhh

It's
escaping!

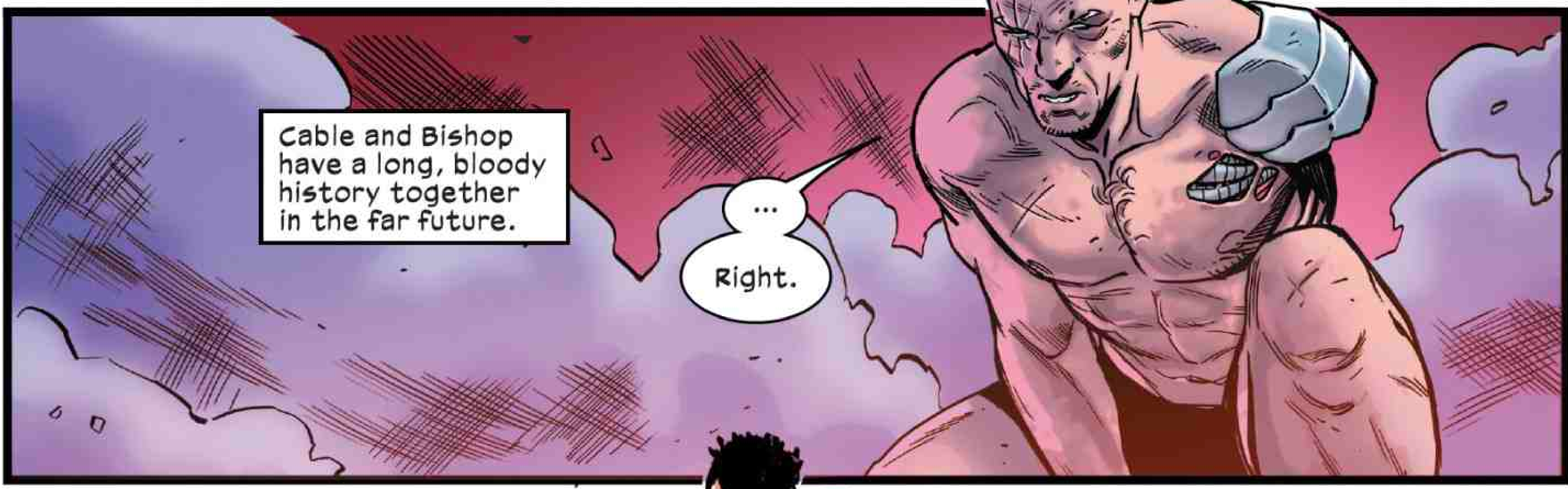




Working on my %\$#@ memoirs. What's it look like?

Let's go!

Lucas Bishop. Another refugee from the future.



Cable and Bishop have a long, bloody history together in the far future.

...
Right.



Truthfully, Cable would rather accept help from *Apocalypse*.



Stop right there!

Be careful! He's *psycho-active*!



Accept what you can't change...

Wait! I know these men. And they know us. Remember?







Only one "mutant" Orchis soldier will be captured alive. Orchis psychiatrists will be unable to convince him that he is a victim of mind control.

That night, he will escape his holding cell, run to the roof, and attempt to use his mutant power of flight.



The ten-story fall will break most of his bones and collapse both lungs.

His dying wish will be that he be buried among "his people" on Krakoa.



It will not be honored.

We need a gate.

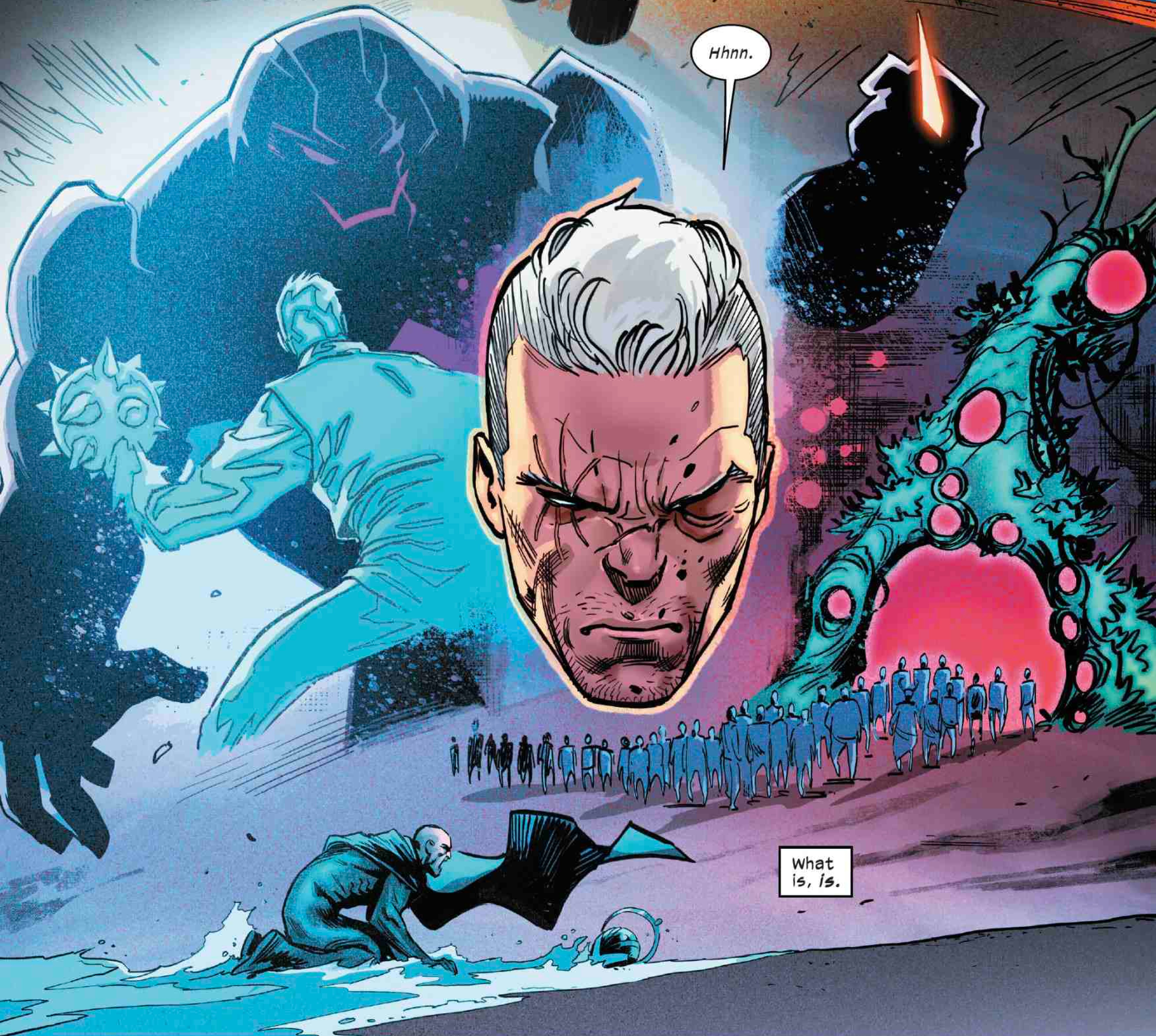
Gate's not an option. Neither is Krakoa.

What the hell happened? Where *is* everyone?

You're a mind reader. Read my mind.



Hhnn.



What is, *is*.

I'm up to speed. There's a place we can regroup nearby.

Good, because the Gala was just the beginning.

Welcome back, Summers. Everyone you loved is dead, and everyone still here wants to kill you.

Better hold on.





BISHOP WAR JOURNAL

#3: ~~Youngstown, Ohio.~~ Sentinel Warehouse

In former air force base, row upon row of 4th gen Sentinels undergoing routine repair/maintenance. Intel good, security exactly as described (poor). Mostly mechanics, a few guards, one low-rank supervising operations officer (drunk/asleep). Placed last of explosives in blind spots, during shift change. All sentinels (56) + maintenance infrastructure rendered inoperable. In fire enormous vacant metal faces seemed to scream. Following day slept in basement of abandoned baby-food factory, saw faces in dreams.

#4: ~~New Canaan, Connecticut.~~ Underground Mutant Research Laboratory

Followed rumors of mutant experiments 200 feet below ground. In refrigerated rooms, 23 mutants dead in various stages of dissection. Mutants with faces pulled off, mutants with windows cut into their stomachs, mutants disassembled and crudely stitched together. Emptied contents of stomach onto sterile floor. What is purpose of such place? Trying to discover weakness? Cure? Or just for pleasure? Records unclear. Via structural sabotage caused cave in, closest thing to burial I could give. In files, found reference to Cable. Still alive, held in facility outside DC. Not surprised, know better than most how hard he is to kill.

#5: ~~Alexandria, Virginia.~~ Showy Tiger Day Care

Had only name + address. Assumed false cover but appears to be active day care. Inside found bespoke picture books portraying mutants as monsters, ending in their grisly murders (happy ending). Also found: cartoons laced with subliminal messages, nursery rhymes with anti-mutant lyrics, brainwashing video and board games. In main hallway, mural of cartoon children cheerfully kicking mutant to death. Went to nearby gas station, filled two large containers with regular unleaded, returned and burned materials + building to the ground. Kept one children's book (IF YOU GIVE A MUTANT A COOKIE) for reasons can't explain.



Humankind...
do not be afraid!
I am Serafina, the
Voice of the
City...



...and we are
the *Children of
Tomorrow!*

We
bring you *the
Message!*



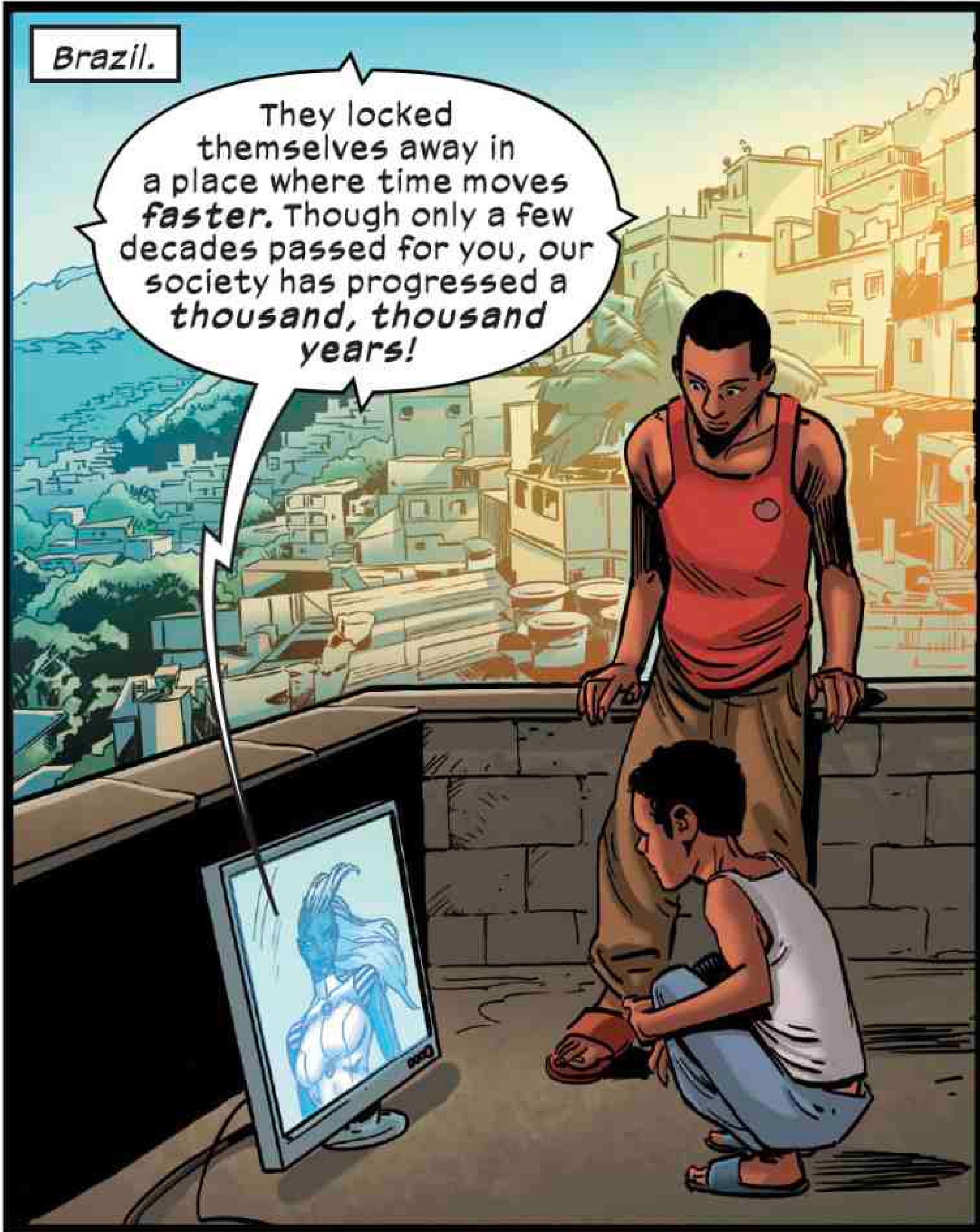
We speak
to you now where
you are, in your own
language. Our words--
our *gifts*--are for
everyone.

Chile.



Ecuador.

When our ancestors left you, they understood that humankind was on a road to **self-destruction**. That you would need **answers** faster than you could hope to find them.



Brazil.

They locked themselves away in a place where time moves **faster**. Though only a few decades passed for you, our society has progressed a **thousand, thousand years!**



Syria.

War!
Ecological catastrophe!
Disease! Prejudice!
Poverty!
Pain!

For us, this is the stuff of **ancient history!** We solved your problems generations ago!



We wish to share our solutions with you--all of you--**freely**. We have already begun.



Our ancestors left so that, one day, the future might return to save the past.

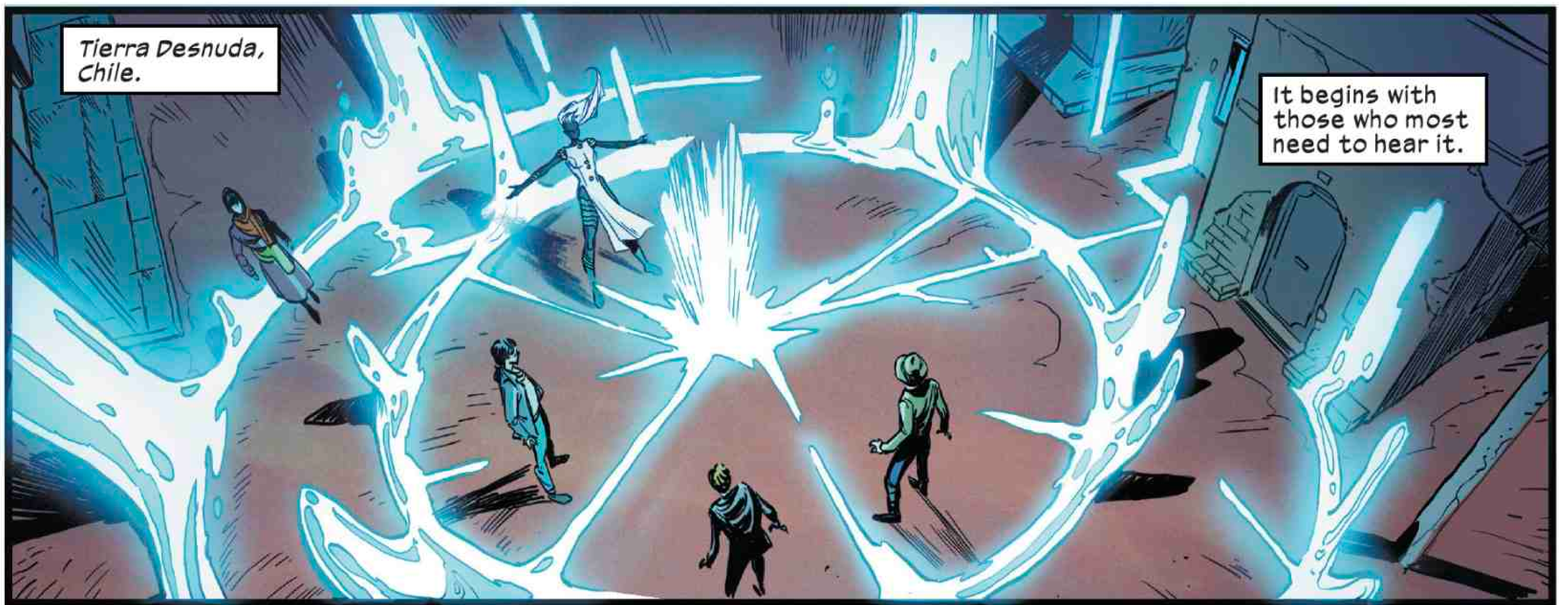
That day is **today**. The future is **here**.

You are our fathers, our mothers. And we are your **children**.

Our Message is simple: Leave the past behind. **Become the future.**

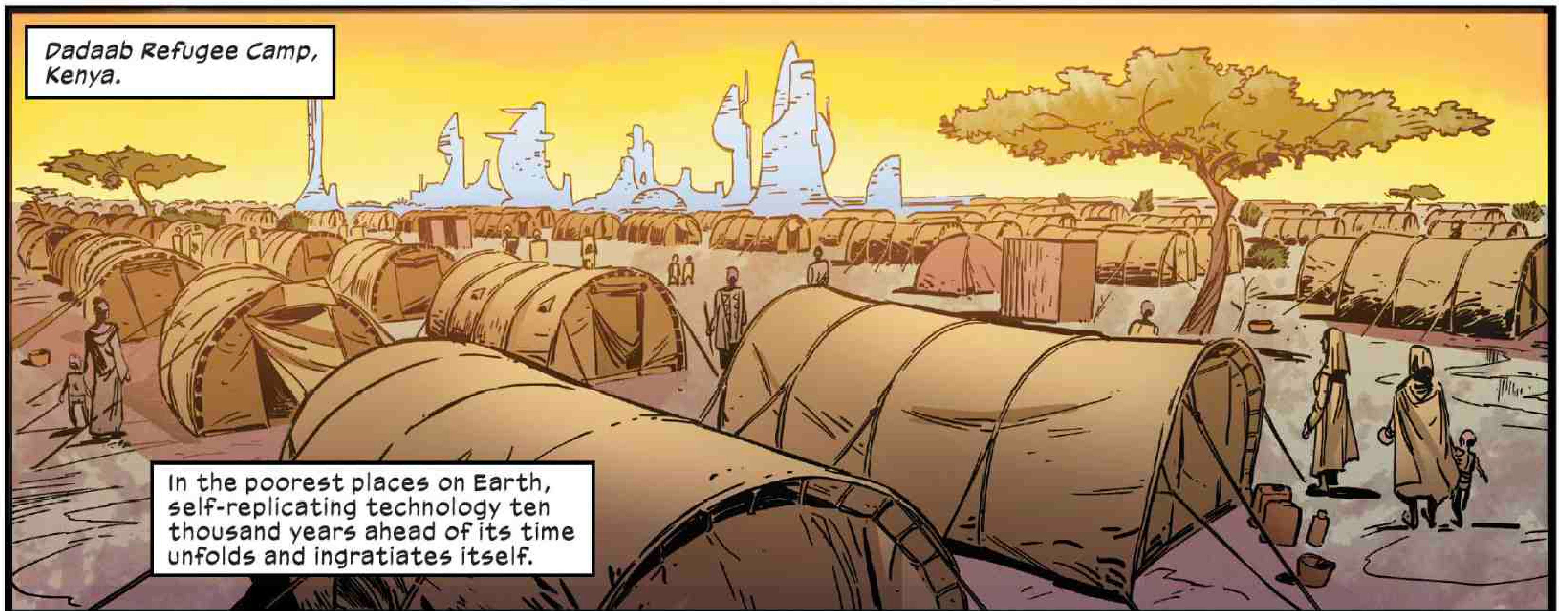


It begins with the Message.



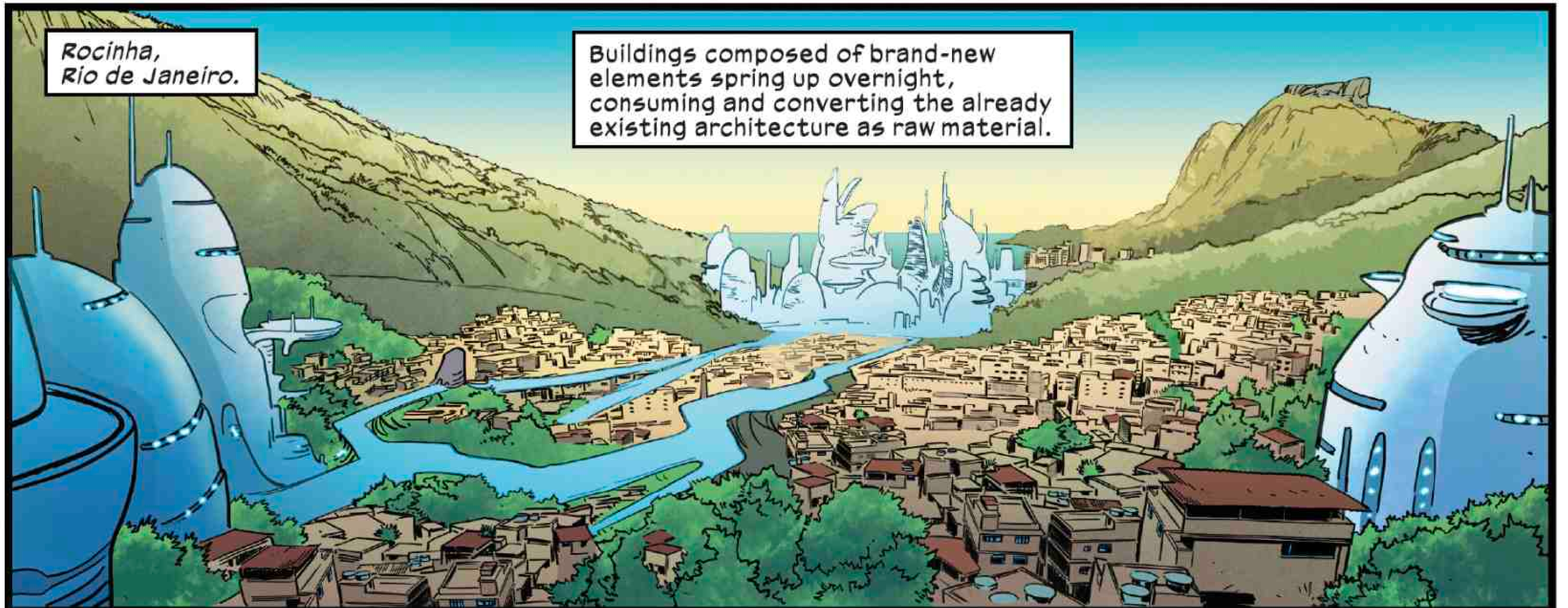
Tierra Desnuda,
Chile.

It begins with
those who most
need to hear it.



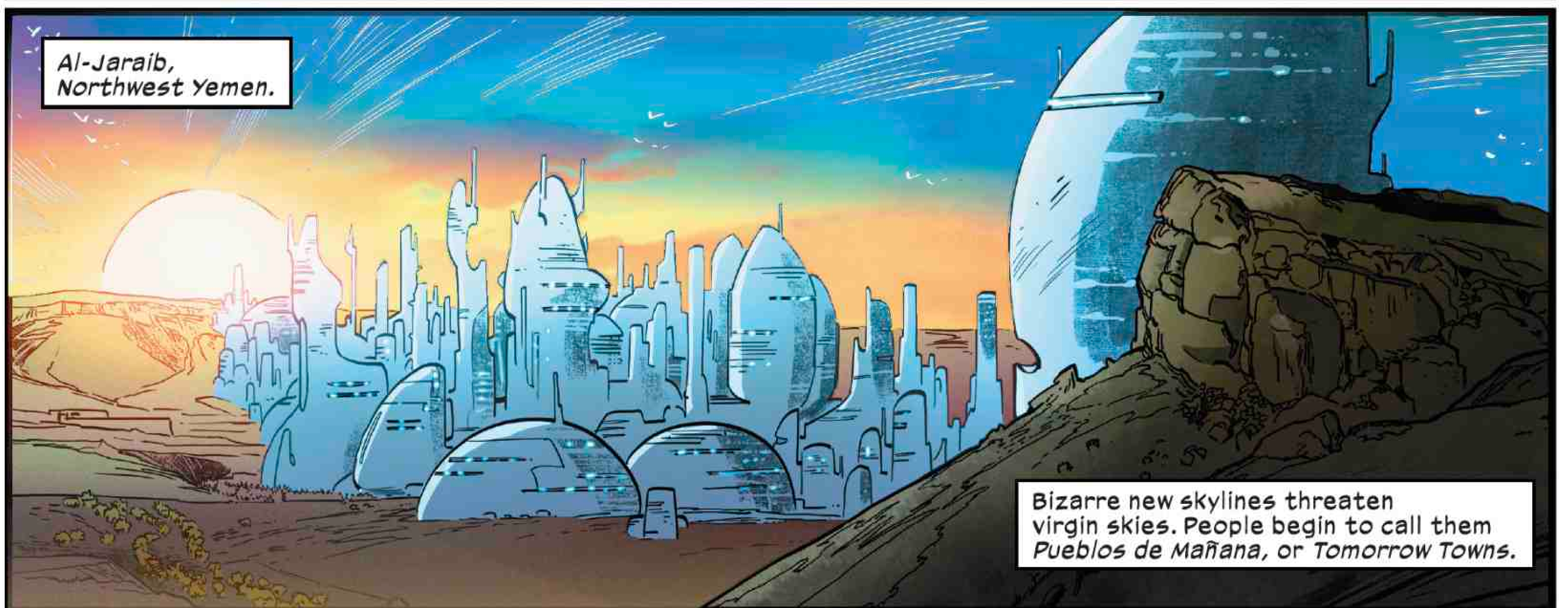
Dadaab Refugee Camp,
Kenya.

In the poorest places on Earth,
self-replicating technology ten
thousand years ahead of its time
unfolds and ingratiates itself.



Rocinha,
Rio de Janeiro.

Buildings composed of brand-new
elements spring up overnight,
consuming and converting the already
existing architecture as raw material.



Al-Jaraib,
Northwest Yemen.

Bizarre new skylines threaten
virgin skies. People begin to call them
Pueblos de Mañana, or *Tomorrow Towns*.



The Children
have machines
for everything.



Machines to heal
wounds, extend
life spans, expand
the mind.

<My god!
I can walk! I
haven't taken a
step in ten
years!>*

**Translated from Arabic.*



Machines to rearrange
rock into prime rib,
machines to string together
oxygen and hydrogen atoms
to create lakes from deserts.



Machines that
grant your
every wish...

...machines
made of
imagination...



...machines
that dream
for you.



The list of accomplishments grows, and with it, the Children's *fame*.

When a tsunami threatens the Philippine Islands, Capitán-204 hits the Pacific until it stops moving.

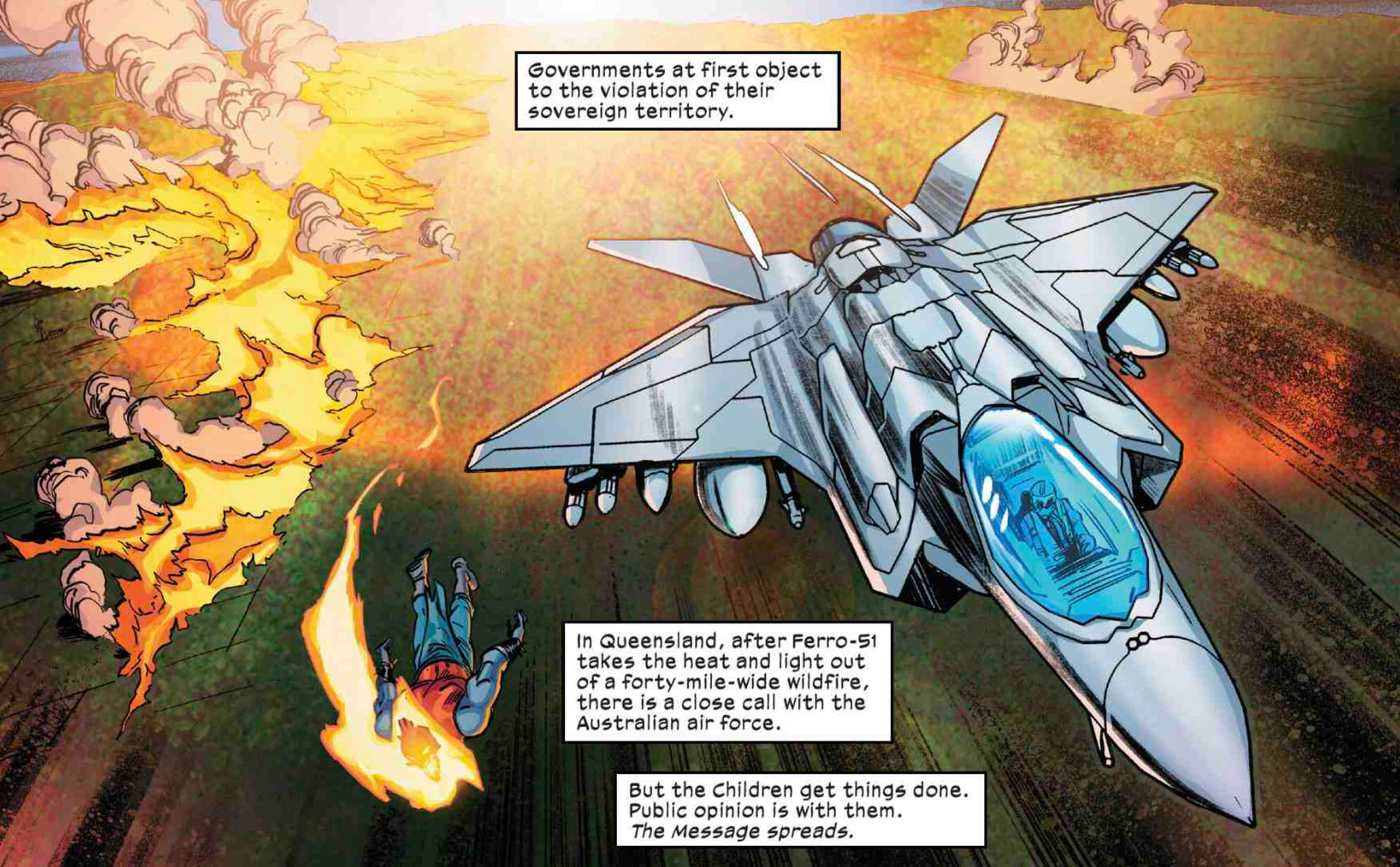
Hut!



When an earthquake strikes the Turkish city of Nurdağı, Prisa-38 is already moving, already everywhere.



At just under lightspeed, she evacuates all 43,000 residents, one by one, before the buildings even begin to fall.



Governments at first object to the violation of their sovereign territory.

In Queensland, after Ferro-51 takes the heat and light out of a forty-mile-wide wildfire, there is a close call with the Australian air force.

But the Children get things done. Public opinion is with them. *The Message spreads.*



Become the future!

The Children are too big a problem for the world's leaders to solve. So, not for the first time, they decide to do nothing.



Even Orchis, high on victory and paranoia, refuse to confront them. In internal meetings it is decided:

The Children are a secondary concern. Observe only.

We *must* finish what we've started with the mutants.



Only a month and the world is different. On the streets, in living rooms, in office buildings, people often spontaneously remark, "Things move fast in the City."



Hell's Kitchen,
New York City.

So, the
Children of the
Vault are back. I'm
surprised the city's
still standing.



They've
rebranded.
They're calling
themselves the
*Children of
Tomorrow*
now.

They say
they're taking
humanity into
the future.



You don't
think it's possible?
They were vicious
little ~~8%4#~~ before, but
it's been a thousand
years for them.

Hey, is
that--?

People
change.

It *is*!



They're up
to something.
I think they're
doing something
to our *minds*.

I'm
a big fan,
Mr. Brolin.



What
makes you
so sure?

When I first
heard them speak,
I found myself wanting
to believe them. I was
ready to give them
the benefit of
the doubt.

So?



So, I don't
give anyone the
benefit of the doubt.
I make them
earn it.





Everything was better in the '90s.

Welcome back, Nathan.

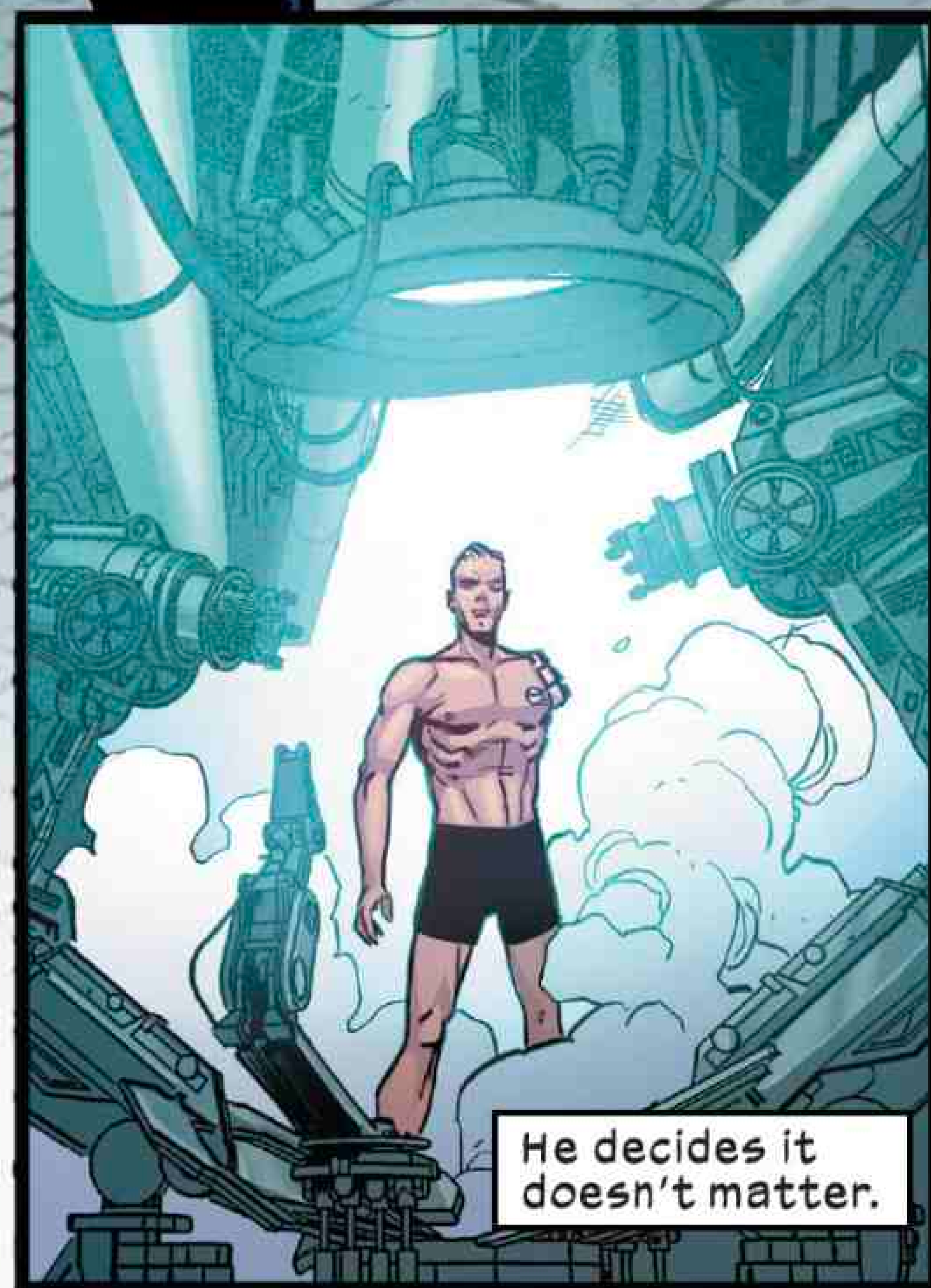


Bishop imagines what he could have accomplished if he'd known about this place before.



Let me get cleaned up.

For the last month, he's been fighting a war with nothing but the clothes on his back and what he could steal.



He decides it doesn't matter.

All that matters
is *the list*.

During the day, he sleeps.
Under bridges, in the basements
of condemned buildings. Places
no one thinks to look.

At night,
he *moves*.

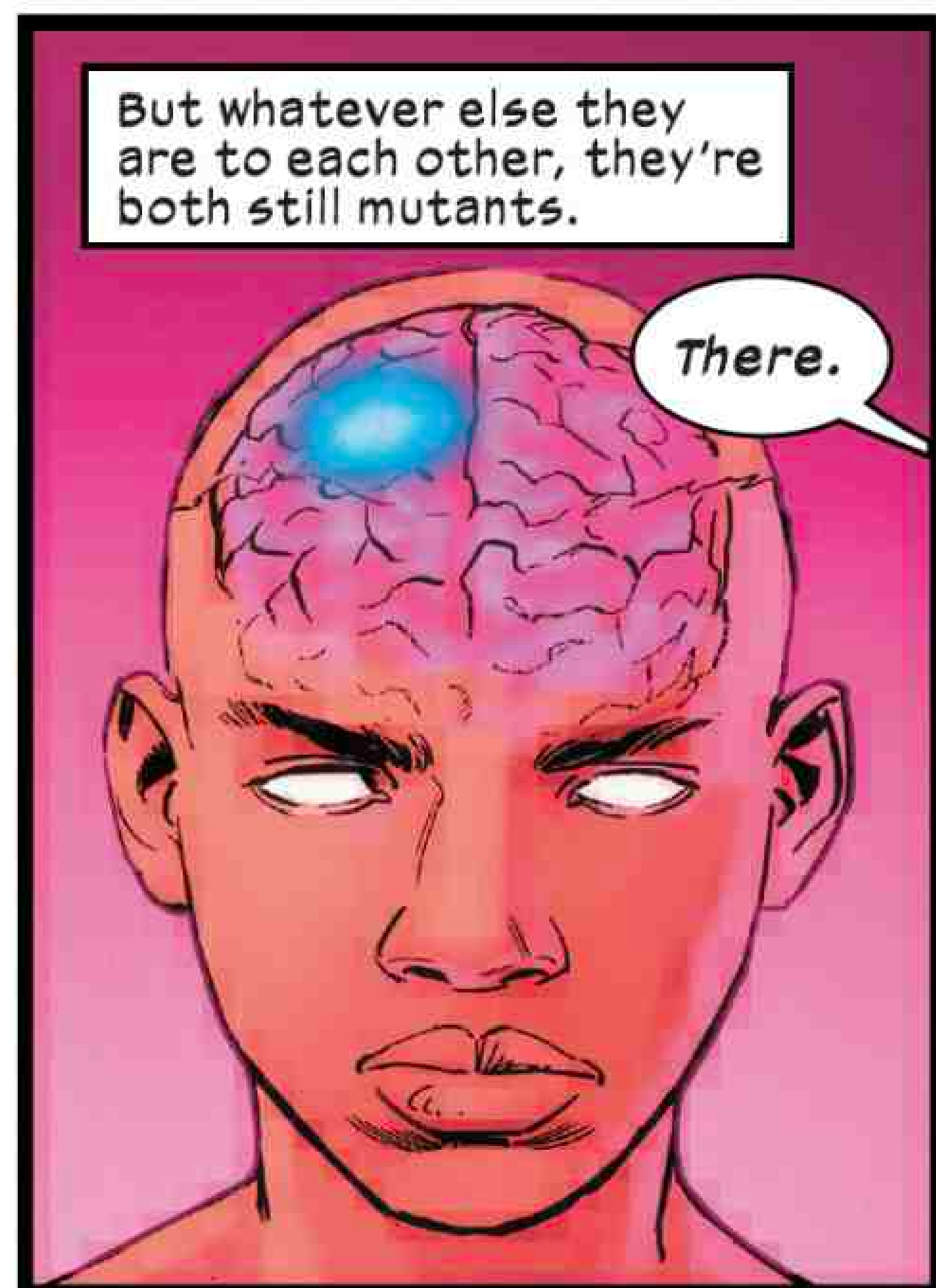
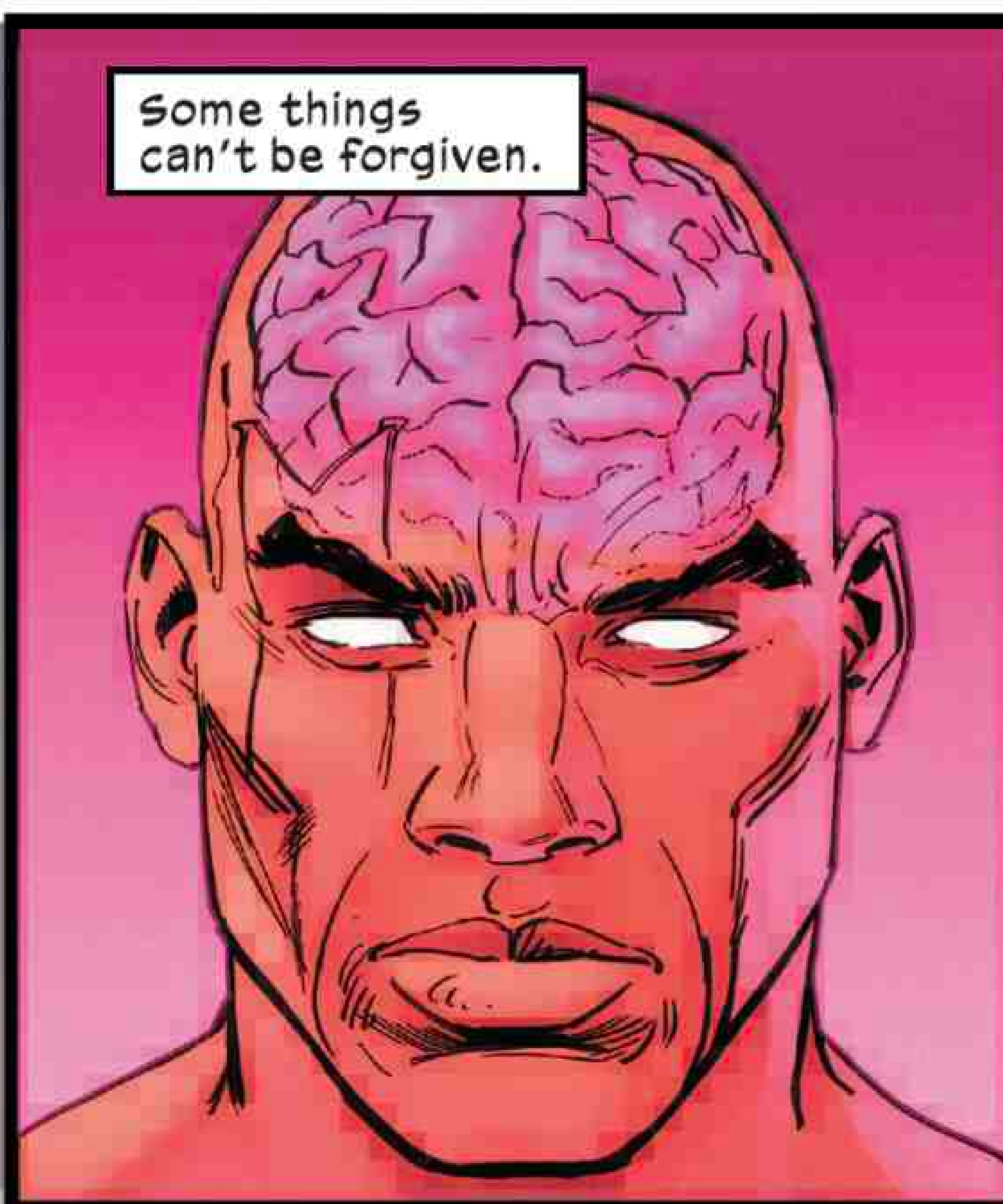
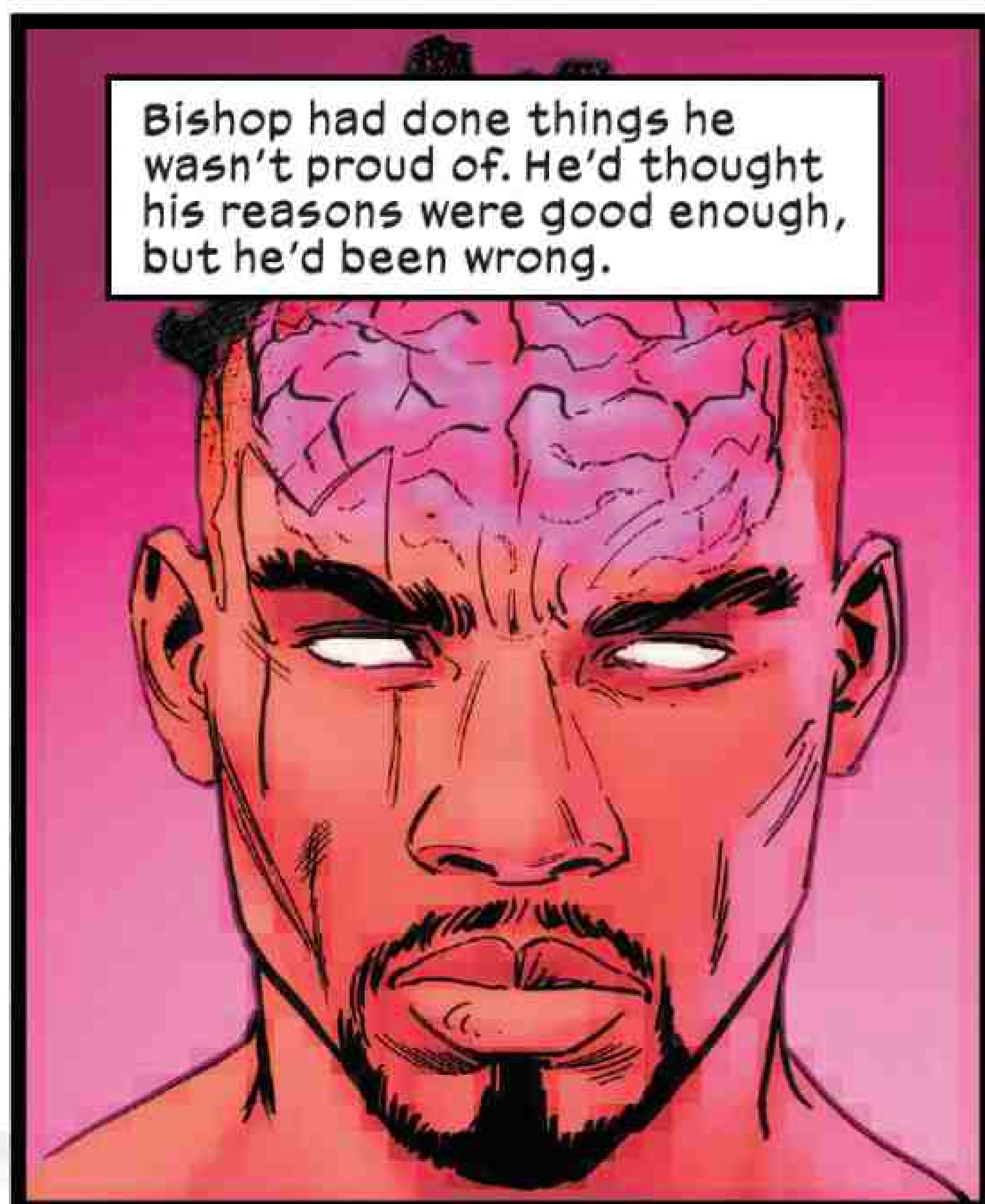
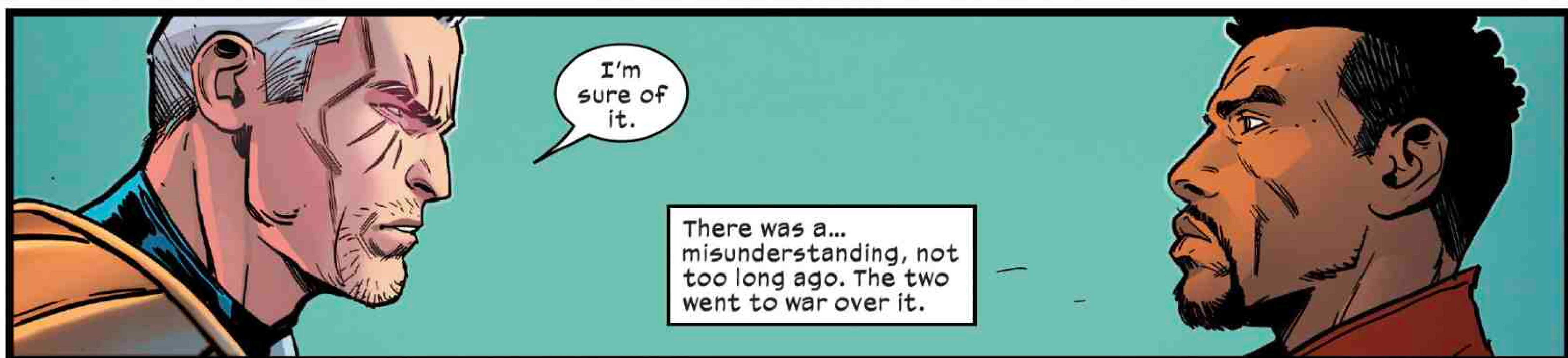
He's hit eight Orchis
facilities in the last
month. Mostly supply
depots, one
research lab.

There are 1,743 Orchis facilities
on his list, from space stations
to strip malls.

Bishop aims to burn every
one of them to the ground.
Even if it takes him to the
end of time.

But to get to the list, the situation
with the Children would have to be
dealt with. And Bishop had to admit
he couldn't deal with it alone.

Not all *one*
million of them.



The last of
their kind.

What?
Did you find
something?

And that's
enough for now.

Something. A...spot. On
your mind. I missed it
because it's not
telepathy.

I don't
know what
it is, but it's
growing.

A
spot...?

Load
Nurse Hetty
Tattoo
Suite.

What
seems to be
the trouble,
sweetie?

I need
you to analyze
a thought form. Tell
me everything you
can--structure, likely
functions, mechanism
of action, possible
origins. And a list of
anything similar in
the database.

You got
it, sweetie.
You want a
lollipop while
you wait?

No, Nurse
Hetty. Just
the results
will be fine.

ORGANISMIC ANALYSIS

- CLASSIFICATION/ETIOLOGY: Viral/Conceptual
- PROGNOSIS: Unknown
- COURSE OF ILLNESS: Unknown
- STRUCTURE: No known match

- % HOMOLOGY TO KNOWN ORGANISMS:

68% Weapon XVI, Allgod: Product of the World/Weapon-Plus Program. A sentient religion that co-opts belief. All gods exist in Allgod.

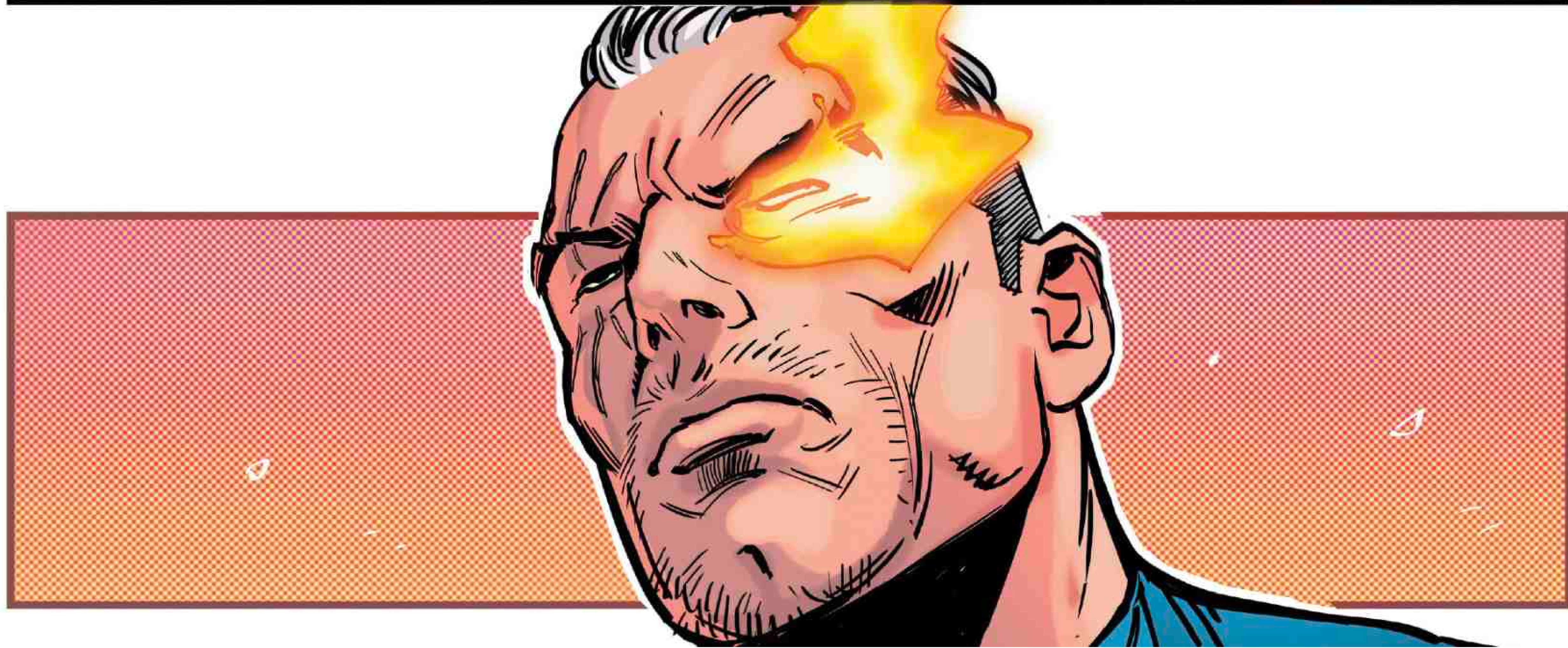
61% Hawkspox: Created in a lab by mad scientist turned author Joseph Nathan Hawksman in the year 3019, Hawkspox is a viral narrative, a story so intricate and adaptable it sprung to life. Hawkspox consumes, alters, evolves, and incorporates existing narratives into itself, including national identities, religions, and concepts of self.

46% Hexus the Living Corporation: ... A platonic parasite from the Sunken Galaxy. An invisible, self-organizing corporation, Hexus grows by hiring new employees and devouring its rivals. Symptoms include groupthink, resource overuse, ultra-inequality, and (ultimately) planetary destruction.

24% Techno/Organic Virus: Converts living tissue to inorganic technology. Originally created by the Phalanx to eliminate “universal waste,” the end-stage of the virus always involves the creation of “Babel Spire” and the calling down of a world-consuming Technarchy. In addition to wild-type, known variants include Cable’s Apocalypse Variant and super-evolved Storm/World Variant.







Far.



BECOME THE FUTURE



BECOME
THE
FUTURE

To Be Continued...

To Be Continued...

FOLLOW THE FALL:

02

CHILDREN OF THE VAULT #1:

GHOST RIDER/WOLVERINE:
WEAPONS OF VENGEANCE ALPHA #1:

IMMORTAL X-MEN #14:

ALPHA FLIGHT #1:

DARK X-MEN #1:

GHOST RIDER #17:

UNCANNY AVENGERS #1:

X-MEN RED #14:

INVINCIBLE IRON MAN #9

JEAN GREY #1

REALM OF X #1

X-FORCE #43

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH



ADAM & AL